I feel thankful I don't love you.
I won't have to suffer you later on.

But for now I say, Johnnie Walker,
have you had enough, Johnnie Walker?
Do-I-look-like-a-woman-now?
Against the fogged car glass
do I look like your crosstown lover?
Do I look like Shirley?

When you reach to kiss her lips
they're thick like mine.
Her hair is cut close, too,
like mine—
isn't it?

THE EDGE

I

I should have loved him forever
or put a bullet in his muthafuckin' head.

II

The past has made me
a good lover and a whore,
placed me closer to my fantasies
of being a beautiful Japanese boy.
My worldly charms exclusively sought
by connoisseurs of freak,
who worldwide know
I keep a small apartment
in a reputable neighborhood.
I am quietly kept
in a style
befitting a child of wealth.
If youth were longer
I could enter my manhood
a gentleman of nobility.
But instead I fight
with others like myself
for attention
I once squandered,
because I could not count
the minutes my youth